

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "San La Muerte"

Yeah  
My mic sound good?  
Yeah (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)  
One-two, one-two  
Yeah (Raise the gates)  
Look. Yeah. (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)  
Listen  
Yeah

It's node sub-optimal, so watch it when the Ruger spit  
Record the homicide so I can watch how many views it get  
Fuck the world, fuck 'em all, I'm tired of this music shit  
The goombah gon' move regardless of who producing it  
You dumb if you don't think that it's a shot gon' fly  
I will cross your fucking T's and I will dot that eye  
I will pop that nine, I will tighten the grip  
You a sucka, you the type to take advice from a bitch  
He defied God so he had to get his name cursed  
Armed to the teeth, carry metal like a change purse  
Make a list of raw motherfuckers, put my name first  
Every single line is by design to make your brain burst  
High like a motherfucker, I ain't hit the ground yet  
Dumpin' till the whole clip empty like a sound check  
Twenty plus years, Ahki, I ain't lost a round yet  
Kemetic Orthodoxy where the ritual was founded

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched  
Motherfuckers is running up on me  
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot  
All these shooters is running up on me  
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper  
Motherfuckers is dying around me  
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen  
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

So come hell or high water I'mma watch for the drop  
I make this graveyard crowded like a popular spot  
Nowadays it's kinda hard to tell a cop from a ahk  
I'mma aim the chopper either way and pop who I pop  
Listen, he a traitor so he left for the hills  
Screaming high-pitched, crying like he Stephanie Mills  
Ain't no iller voice in this shit  
Die now or die later, that's the choices you get  
It's moist and it's wet, living here is literally hell  
Bodies stacking when I crack 'em like the Liberty Bell  
This dummy broke, looking at the bottom of the pint  
I'm coming with the heater like the bottom of the ninth

That's Allah and that's my life, wanna see me it's nothing  
Just know that either way with me it's gonna be a concussion  
Body bags everywhere, machetes here to chop 'em up  
Put his body on ice and slap him like a hockey puck

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